

The Bethel Courier.

A Weekly Family Newspaper, Central in Politics, devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Education, the Mechanic Arts, and the News of the Day.

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N. T. TRUE, Editor.

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BETHEL HILL, ME.

History of Bethel.

By Dr. N. T. True.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Mataluck, Natalluc, Metolic. This

was the last of the once powerful tribe

of Anasagunticooks. It is a mournful

termination of the history of a once

powerful nation, to record the life of

the last of their number who lingered

about their old home. Of the early

history of this Indian, I have no in-

formation, Lieut. Segar was wont to

say that Mataluck was the Indian who

shook him so violently when he arrived

at the St. Francis tribe during his

captivity.

The following letter is from Hon.

John M. Wilson, who lived on the

Magalloway for several years before

Mataluck died. It will be read with

interest by many.

WILSON'S MILLS, July 30th 1859.

DEAR SIR:—Yours inquiring con-

cerning Mataluck, I have received.

All that I know of him previous to

1832 I obtained from common reports

in this region. It is said he belonged

to the St. Francis tribe, from which

he was banished for some misdemeanor,

or, some say for abusing his first wife

in a fit of jealousy.

He had three children, if no more.

I suppose by his first wife, two sons,

Parnagimmet and Wilnapi, and a

daughter who married a man in Can-

ada, by the name of Moulton. He

lived several years on the border of

Richardson's Lake with his second

wife who died there and was buried on

a point of land which has since been

cleared, and is a part of the Lake

farm.

He there built his wigwam and

lived alone some years at the narrows

of Umbagog Lake, or near what is

now the Stone farm. Leaving this,

he next took up his residence in

Township No. 5 R. 3, where I found

him in 1832. Here he subsisted

chiefly by hunting, and lived in a camp

about 10 feet square made of spruce

bark. He was here some ten or

twelve years without making any

clearing about his camp and would

dig potatoes from the settlement

in winter 12 miles on a hand sled

rather than raise them. At this camp

he was several times visited by Gov.

Lincoln, who would stay several days

at a time. He was very civil and

hospitable to strangers, but not very

communicative, and the only bad

habit he had, probably, was that

of taking too much "ecobly" when

he could get it.

In the winter of 1836 in getting

wood at considerable distance from

his camp he thrust a splinter into his

eye, and was found in that condition

by two men who happened that way

in a very cold day, perfectly blind,

having lost one eye several years be-

fore. He was unable to reach his

camp, and must soon have perished

without assistance. Without being

aware of his condition his daughter

and her son arrived here for the

purpose of looking after him about

the time he was brought from his

camp, and took him with them to

Canada.

He was entirely blind and helpless

the remainder of his days, and died

some six or seven years after he left

this place, in Stewartstown N. H.,

having been supported for considera-

ble time at the County charge.

It is supposed that Mataluck was

at the time of death more than one

hundred years old. He was a strong

built man, of about middling stature,

very athletic, and possessed of great

powers of endurance.

He came to my house one morning

in the winter of 1835-6 about sunrise,

having laid out about two miles in the

woods the night before without fire.

A damp snow had fallen the day be-

fore and the weather had become very

cold during the night. He had been

on the track of a moose all day until

dark, "almost acc um" he said, "and

when darkness obliged him to give up

the chase, "all wet, no strike um."

Lewis Annance, a St. Francis In-

dian who was educated at Dartmouth

College could give you more valua-

ble information in regard to Indian

history than any other person. He

has a family, and when I last heard

of him he resided in Lancaster N. H.

Very respectfully

Your Obedt Serv't

JOHN M. WILSON.

Gov. Lincoln was in the habit of

visiting Mataluck and camping with

him. Gov. L. left some account of

him in his writings but I do not now

have them at command.

One anecdote I believe Lincoln

never published. He carried with

him on his visit to Natalluc a large

penknife fitted up with different blades,

saws, saw and the like. Natalluc had

his eye on the knife and wished to buy

it. Gov. L. told him he could not

sell it to him. Natalluc's covetous-

ness was only the more strongly ex-

cited and he at last contrived a plan

to secure the penknife. He had a little

island in the lake consisting of about an

acre on which is a sort of a cave in

which he kept his furs where they

would not be plundered. He invited the

governor to go and see his furs. He

took his canoe and landed the gov-

ernor, showed him his furs, and made

him a most liberal offer of them for

the knife. The governor, told him he

could not sell the knife, "Well," said

Natalluc, "no no carry you off the

island if you no sell me that knife."

But said the governor, I told you I

would not sell it to you, and I shall

keep my word, but I will give it to

you as a present. Natalluc was over-

joyed in the possession of his knife,

and of course reckoned Gov. L. as

one of his real friends.

He was visited by Hon. Moses

Nason several times while he lived

on the Magalloway River. He made

a map of that river on birch bark

which appears to have been executed

with fidelity. He had on one occasion

shot an immense moose as he was in

the water and dragged him to the

shore, and cut off the best parts of

meat and dried them. The doctor

bought the horns which now adorn

his hall as a hat rack.

We insert the following character-

istic letter from that hunter and trap-

per, J. G. Rich, Esq., which will be

read with interest.

ME. EDITOR:—While on a hunt-

ing expedition, lately, through the

forests of Township Letter C. No. 5,

R. 1, No. 5 R. 2, and No. 4, R. 1

and 2—about the chain of Lakes

known as Umbagog—one evening af-

ter having dug away the snow with

one end of my snow shoe, and stuck

Original Tale.

The Withered Bouquet.

On his table lay a withered bouquet.

Plucked by fair hands for him were

those flowers. Eyes of heaven's own

blue might have bedewed them with

their tears. Perhaps she kissed them

for the sake of him, for whom they

were gathered.

"Tis a sweet language the flowers

speak,"—yet not always true; and

how Alarie bends over them to catch

their whisperings! A hundred little

fairies rise before him breathing sweet

words—and he permits the passing

dream to hover o'er his heart like the

summer cloud floating o'er the blue

waters leaving there only a shadow.

What does he see as he sits there,

his head bowed-gazing at the flowers

as if they possessed the powers to

away the soul?

The fairy queen raises her magic

wand and he beholds a vision. A

white cottage almost hidden from view

among the shrubbery, and o'er a low

ed by tall elms, and maples in the

branches of which birds are warbling

sweet songs—a response to the melody

in his own heart.

Within that house he has a singing

bird whose songs to him are far more

sweet than ever song of bird can be

in elm or maple.

The evening breezes waft to him

the perfume of sweet flowers—but

within that home blossoms for him the

sweetest flower on earth—the loved,

beautiful Mignonette.

She sees him coming—and in a

moment a white arm is round his neck

—a curly head is hid in his bosom.

She knows he must be weary, and

she leads him to a seat out under the

trees, and sits down at his feet raising

her eyes to him full of love and trust;

he is happy. He realizes that "A

human bosom great, full of love as

the heavens, true, gentle and pure—

is a world in which to live—perfect,

beautiful, and eternal!" "A change

came o'er the spirit of his dream."

Weary he returns home after the

bustle and tumult of the day, with

aching heart. He is perplexed with

worldly cares—and there is a cloud

on his brow.

She meets him with a smiling fear,

and places a chair for him before the

Mignonette is ill.

The bloom fades from her cheek—her

step falters—and at length she is seen

no more about the house or in the

FOREIGN NEWS.



ARRIVAL OF THE OCEAN QUEEN.

By the arrival of the Ocean Queen at New York on the 2nd, the speeches of Louis Napoleon and the Emperor of Austria were received.

Paris, July 20. The *Moniteur* contains the following:

Yesterday evening the Emperor received the great bodies of the State, the Presidents of which, M. Trooping, Count de Morry, and M. Baroche, addressed congratulatory speeches to his Majesty.

The Emperor thanked them for their devotion, and then explained his reasons for his conduct during the great event. He said:

"Arriving beneath the walls of Verona, the struggle was inevitably about to change its nature, as well as its military as a political aspect. Obligated to attack the enemy in front who was entrenched behind great fortresses, and protected on the flank by the neutrality of the surrounding country, and about to begin a long and barren war, in arms, ready to dispute our success or aggravate our reverses. Nevertheless, the difficulty of the enterprise would not have shaken my resolution if the means had not been out of proportion to the results to be expected. It was necessary to fortify ourselves openly with the concurrence of revolution. It was necessary to go on shedding precious blood, and, at last, risk that, which a sovereign should only stake for the independence of his country. If I have stopped it was neither through weakness or exhaustion, nor through abandoning the noble cause which I desire to serve, but the interests of France. I felt great reluctance to put reins upon the ardor of our soldiers, to retrace from my programme the territory from the Mincio to the Adriatic, and to see vanish from honest hearts, noble delusions and patriotic hopes. In order to serve the independence of Italy, I made war against the mind of Europe, and as soon as the destiny of my country might be endangered, I made peace. Our efforts and our sacrifices have not merely been losses. No. We have a right to be proud of this campaign. We have vanquished an army, numerous, brave and well organized. Piedmont has been delivered from invasion; her frontiers have been extended to the Mincio. The idea of an Italian nationality has been admitted by those who combated it most. All the sovereigns of the Peninsula comprehend the wants of a salutary reform. Thus after giving a new proof of the military power of France, the peace concluded will be prolific of happy results. The future will every day reveal additional cause for the happiness of Italy, the influence of France, and the tranquility of Europe."

The following is the exact text of the Emperor of Austria's order of the day announcing the peace:

"Depending on my rights, on the enthusiasm of my subjects, on the courage of my army, and on the natural allies of Austria, I waged war, in order to maintain inviolate the existing treaties."

My subjects I found willing to make any and every sacrifice. Sacrificing conflicts have proved to the world the fearlessness and heroism of my gallant army, which, although it is inferior in number to the enemy, and has lost thousands of officers and private soldiers, is full of strength and courage, and joyfully looks forward to the renewal of the struggle. Being without allies, I yield to the unfavorable political relations, it being my first duty to avoid shedding, to no purpose, the blood of my people. I concluded peace on the basis of the line of the Mincio.

From my inmost heart I thank my army, which has again proved to me how completely I can depend on it in future wars."

SCIENCE EPIDEMIC.—The papers within the last two weeks have recorded twenty-six suicides which have occurred in various parts of the country, and there have no doubt been others which have escaped the notice of those who have kept the list. A majority of these were wealthy people or people having a respectable and comfortable position in society and of whom no cause could have been assigned for their conduct. Two of them were wealthy citizens of Worcester county, Massachusetts, Mr. Smith, of Barre, who has left a fortune of \$300,000, and Mr. Hemmaway, of Worcester, who has left \$1,000,000. Eleven were men of death by hanging, 3 by drowning, 6 by poisoning, 5 by cutting the throat and one by stabbing.—*Traveler*.

The Bethel Courier.

BETHEL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 12, 1888.

TRIP DOWN THE ANDROS-COGGIN.

Having a strong desire to go up and down the Androscoggin, a party of ten took a bateau and started from the wharf in Bethel Harbor, Tuesday morning. (The *Transcript* may keep still,) and with good spirits started down the river. A sandbar at the mouth of the harbor troubled us a little, but we soon rounded the point into the main river. We were not aware before of the beautiful water scenery so near our own home. Taking the eastern channel by Barker's Island, we soon had a delightful view of the village, across a sheet of water. About a mile below we landed the ladies on Powow Point, while the rest of the party engaged in fishing but with indifferent success. We noticed across the river an artist intent on sketching the beautiful landscape. The river at the point is exceedingly narrow, yet the water runs smoothly and quietly along. We allowed the boat to drift down with the current, and ourselves to contemplate the scene before us, as we floated along a flock of ducks flew past us up the river, we were most agreeably disappointed at the depth of the water and the scarcely perceptible current for several miles.

The air was uncommonly still and Saddleback mountains were reflected so perfectly that we could recognize the rocks distinctly in the water. We never before had the pleasure of witnessing such beautiful reflections. At last we landed, and in a cool grove we enjoyed our picnic with a great relish. Returning we found the current more manifest but the boys soon landed us safely in the harbor.

We dare not tell the whole truth for fear some may think that we suffer the imagination to lead off at the expense of the truth. This is no dream, but one of the realities and one of the greatest pleasures we have ever enjoyed; we believe that if some individual would fit out two bateaux, one capable of holding twenty persons, the other six or eight, that he would have abundant patronage during the summer months. We recommend this trip to our visitors, until such times as Capt. Sampson can get his Steamboat in complete order.

Shipping in Bethel Harbor, Aug. 8. one Bateau, one Pont, one Ferryboat, no Steamboat.

The *Journal* comes to us this week in excellent spirits. We have concluded not to sell out, as we have recently received quite an accession to our subscription list which keeps us in good spirits too. We welcome the *Journal* to our table as one of our best exchanges. Long may it grow.

Rev. Joseph Burnham has resigned his position as Preceptor of Farmington Academy, a post that he has most acceptably filled for the past ten years. The Trustees voted to Mr. B. a gratuity of \$50 as a testimonial to the efficiency and faithfulness which has characterized his labors in the Academy.—*Farmington Chronicle*.

This leaves us now the oldest preceptor of any Academy in Maine, actually in the harness, though we feel just as young as ever.

The Bethel *Courier* man says that he was surprised at finding a flying squirrel in his room a few days since.

We see no necessity for surprise. An invention, as many suppose. In March 1799 a fifty ton vessel was launched on the Severn in England, which was made of cast iron.

Iron vessels are not so new an invention, as many suppose. In March 1799 a fifty ton vessel was launched on the Severn in England, which was made of cast iron.

One of the finest views we have is from our office window; we can look right into the windows of Friend Cookey's Tailoring Establishment in the next block.

EXAMINATION WEEK AT GOULD'S ACADEMY.—The Public Exercises of the Academy at the close of the Summer Term, were as follows:

An Address to Young Men, by Rev. J. B. Wheelwright, on Sabbath Evening, of which we gave a report last week.

On Wednesday Evening, an Address was delivered before the U. B. Society, by the Principal respecting which there were various opinions. The Paper, *The Gen*, was well filled, and read by Miss F. E. Russell.

On Friday Afternoon, the examination of the School took place. In the Evening was the Exhibition. We hardly know what to say, or where to begin respecting it. We thought there were some of the finest representations to which we ever listened.

We do not dare to specify. The exercises were as follows:—Salutatory, Original.—Henry L. Chapman, Portland. Fall of *Wayman*.—Campbell, Frank Clifford, Portland, Mead Muller.—*Whittier*.—Mary L. Heywood, Bethel. Decision of Character.—Original.—E. Foster, Newry. The Gambler's Wife, Fannie E. Russell, Haverhill, Mass. I, Myself.—Original.—Elias S. Mason, Bethel. Let your Yea be Yea. Dialogue. Mary L. Heywood, Bethel, Alice M. Bailey, Haverhill, Mass. Character of Martin Luther.—Original.—Nahum W. Grover, W. Bethel. Scene between Sir Peter Teasdale and Lady Teasdale. Dialogue. Part II. Quarrel between Sir Peter and Lady Teasdale. Dialogue. E. Foster, Fannie E. Russell. Character of Queen Victoria.—Original. Victoria A. Riley, Bethel. Goodness, the Test of Greatness.—Original. Gilbert A. Barker, Newry. The Desert Fountain.—*Florence Percy*. Hattie A. Stevens, Bryant's Pond. The Baron's Last Banquet.—*Greene*. Alfred M. True, Bethel. Vaudeville. Original.—Mary L. Heywood, Bethel. The exercises were interspersed with Music and Tableaux, each excellent of their kind. We have never on the whole, been more highly entertained at an Exhibition of Students. The house was well filled, and the audience very attentive. The present Term has been fuller than usual during the summer.

PINE HILL CEMETERY.—We propose to be one of the number of the proprietors of the Cemetery to go and give two days labor to build a reception tomb, at the cemetery, and clear up the grounds and put the whole cemetery into better shape. It will be a lovely spot whenever it shall be arranged so as to produce the best possible effect. Nothing could have been better arranged, so far as the natural features are concerned. The semicircular hill passing from one avenue to another is very singularly adapted to produce a fine effect whenever the lota shall be all fitted up.

We learn that our citizens who removed to the Aroostook, in the spring are highly pleased with their prospects. We have not been to the Aroostook, because we was not as good as it is declared to be, and we do not doubt it, a man may secure for himself a good home in a few years with but a small capital. We extend our *best* to the Editor of the Aroostook *Pioneer*. His mission is a noble one.

THE OLDEST CHURCH IN AMERICA.—It was built in 1681, in the town of Hingham, Mass., and is still occupied as a place of worship. The bell rope hangs down in the middle of the house, where it was placed in order that the bell might be rung instantly to give the alarm of any sudden Indian incursion. There are many of the old-fashioned square pews in the house, enclosed by what resembles more a high and substantial unpainted fence, than anything to be seen in a modern church. The frame is of oak, and the beams are huge and numerous. The old house is good for two hundred years more. This old church has an old pastor, the Rev. Joseph Richardson having preached in it for fifty-three years.

From my stand point at Dr. Wiley's, I will continue my observations in Illinois.

Dr. Samuel Wiley is youngest son of Capt. Robert Wiley, who moved from Mercer, Me., with his four sons, and small means, 15 or 20 years ago; the Captain was a brother of my mother, who was born in Fryeburg. Their father came from Ireland when he was seven years old. Their mother was a Walker. The Doctor has been educated a physician, has had a good and successful practice, is still young but has given up the pursuit of the profession, and prefers the loaning of money as more profitable, and less perplexing and uncertain than the practice of medicine. He took me in his carriage and went to the town of Freedom to visit his oldest brother, Charles, who is a respectable and successful farmer, and may serve as a specimen of a farmer in this vicinity. On the farm that he and his two boys cultivate there are over a hundred acres of corn. It was not up on the 6th of June to be injured by the frost. Horses plow the field, plant it and hoe it. The rows are parallel and equidistant both ways, and usually conform to the U. S. lot lines. I was told the weeding and stirring the ground the first time was done by cultivating between the rows once or twice, one way; the next time the cultivator passes the other way. The plowman is used afterwards. Mr. W. harnessed two of his great horses to his omnifarious wagon (every farmer has one), and drove over the cornfield to see the coming crop. The corn was up and began to grow in every hill. The land was well pulverized, and in fine condition, without dressing of any kind. The ears of their corn are much larger than in New England. The cob is red. The kernels are long, thick set on the cob, and indented on their outer end.—Frost does not usually injure the corn crop till the latter part of October.

I visited the other two brothers.—They live on good farms, and had enough about them. On one of their farms I saw the type of the onion, (as I believe,) *Allium Canadense*, meadow Garlic. It was bulbous, and resembled the variety of the garden onion, *Allium Cepa*, that has bulbs on the top, only in a dwarfed state.—Botanists place both plants in class 4, order 1, species *Allium*. The most marked genuine difference between the garden onion and the meadow garlic is the swelling of the scape towards the base in the former and the tubiferous head of the scape in the latter.—Cultivation might have raised the modest, blushing garlic, looking up among the prairie grass and flowers, to the well developed onion. By mutilating the top, the nutritive fluid is arrested in its ascent and retained below, hypertrophy, enlargement of the bottom. The onion seems to have a tendency to recede to the wild, tubiferous state when uncultivated, having small, hard bottoms and having bulbs, or little onions on the top.

J. GROVER.

For the *Courier*.
Mr. Editor:—Having noticed an article in your columns directing boys to be found in the company of men; to aid them in forming good habits &c. I thought it might be well to suggest, that men should so deport themselves in presence of boys, that it might be a benefit rather than otherwise. Some men (!) are apt to talk to, and in the presence of boys, in a manner unbecoming either to civilized men or barbarians, perhaps forgetting or not caring that the same example may be set before their own boys.

WESTERN SKETCHER.—No. 2.

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INCOGNITA.

FIRE IN WINTER.—During the thunder shower on Tuesday night last, the two story dwelling house owned by Joseph Nelson, in Wintrop, was struck by lightning and entirely burnt. Most of the furniture was saved, though part of it in a damaged state. No person in the house was injured. The loss is probably \$2000. Insured at the Monmouth office for \$850.

CHILDREN ARE MUCH LIKE JELLIES as they are moulded, so will they turn out.

A "Taper Waste"—burning the candle at both ends.

WHAT IN WESTERN NEW YORK.—A correspondent of the Rochester *Union*, writing from Lima, Livingston county, says:—The harvest is past, and on the whole the event proves pretty much as anticipated. Straw plenty and bright, berry full, no blight, rust nor weevil, and the weather favorable to the successful sheltering of the entire crop. Many fields upon which the happy owners looked with hope, were confidently relied on for from twenty to twenty-five bushels to the acre. Some of these are already thrashed, and the astonished cultivators have been compelled to find storage and bags for thirty where only twenty bushels were expected, and for forty where thirty only were provided for. And I hear that the same evil has shown itself in the rye crop, and that the barley also is liable to a similar catastrophe.

DEAR COUNTRYMEN.—The dreaded canines have come, the baddest of the year, and from each separate open window sounds discordant greet my ear, as when in some foreign city, (for 'tis thus the legend goes) thirty-two distinct and separate smells salute the strangers nose; so when tired with cares of business, at the dull decline of day, with some favorite author seated, I would while an hour away, then comes stealing o'er my senses, through the mellow twilight haze, sounds of every kind and species, and my brain whirls in a maze. Notes erratic, operatic from an upper attic float, as aspiring Madge perspiring tries the lining of her throat, and the compass of her leather lungs, which is certainly terrific. (Would some one would borrow her compass, with some soft soap—or-ide!) "Hear me, *know me!*" shrieks one neighbor while from just across the way, a cracked viol (filled with wrath I judge) is lamenting "Poor Dog Tray."—Four sons of sunny Italy ranged up and down the street, joining in the general hubbub of an organic treat. Accordingly, accordions, cornets and base trombones, to make it still more hideous, each strike up separate tunes, and as "every dog must have his day" and dog-days are but few, the canine forces through the street to prove that dog-mat is true. And to extend the catalogue of ills which *Sirius* fetches, the rats commence to caterwall (the base unfed wretches.) And added to this long array—domestic broils and fuses, the screams of suffering infantry, the spunks by tender "nurses," teams rattling o'er the pavement, the teamsters swearing, screaming, and ten thousand other nuisances with which our streets are teeming. But I will no longer bore you lest you should be as tired as a wagon fresh from "Barnburns," (though they always are admired) but extend to you my greetings with the hope that your career may be prosperous and happy for many a coming year, and that the day may be far distant, when the *Courier* shall be without "local habitation" or an honored Entity (N. T. T.)

Last spring I made arrangements, Niagara's Fall to view, but I failed in catching even a glimpse of Nature's famed Horse Shoe, but this fall if nothing happens I shall turn my wandering feet to the mineral springs (elliptic?) made immortal by your sheet.

But time flies and the mosquitoes gl'n to buzz about my head, as if to warn me to break off, and seek repose in bed. But I feel it is a duty ere yet I close my letter, to humbly crave indulgence with the wish that it was better, but the dog-days so affect me that my thoughts in doggerel run. (How can I, pray, write serious while *Sirius* haunts the sun?) and wishing you a cool retreat the which to take your frog-in, for the rest of this hot summer. I am Truly

ANDREW SCOOGIN.

The writer evidently intends a pun on the popular air, "Hear me Norma."

The editor of The *Para*, (Ill.) *Commercial*, received a severe punnelling a few days since, at the hands of a pug-nacious German. The *Genesee Republican*, offers consolation in this wise. "Well, well, Brother, you'll get used to such play-by-and-by, and when you do, you will find it a rather pleasant pastime."

On Wednesday evening, as a girl was standing at her father's door in Worcester, a woman passed along the street with an infant in arms; stopping near the young girl traveller handed to her the baby, saying, "can you take my baby a few minutes?" The owner of the child not since been seen.

The imports entered at the New York Custom House, on Monday were larger in amount than the total of any preceding day's work, as far known since the Custom House was erected. The total value was \$1,685,517.

A printer of Niagara Falls, one day last week, swam across the river under Blondin's rope, making the perilous trip in ten minutes. He hauled several rods farther down stream than his starting point, but went safely.

From the 16th to the 21st inst. inclusive, there were thirty-one deaths by sunstroke at Cincinnati, being about one-fourth the entire number of deaths.

Considerable amusement was created in Fall River on Sunday, by the appearance of an old codger from the rural districts in the head of the North Pond, with a load of hay which it was said he had brought in for sale, in his recent forgetfulness of the day.

A little son of Enosus (Clark of Turner, aged about five years, fell through a bridge on Thursday last, striking the water, a distance of fifteen feet. He would have been drowned had it not been for timely aid furnished by Mr. Abram Bots.

It is reported that Mr. A. T. Stewart, the celebrated New York merchant, intends to build a large "Home for Widows and Indigent Women," and endow it most liberally; and that if one million of dollars is not enough he will use two millions. Mr. Stewart says it is to the women that he is indebted for his fortune; and now in return, he will use it to benefit them, without regard to sect or creed.

As Mr. Wm. L. Fairchild of Utica, Miss., was returning home from a neighbor's in a buggy, on the 18th ult. accompanied by his wife and child, a tree fell across the road and killed them all, husband, wife and child. Each was struck upon the head. A little negro boy in the wagon escaped harm.

Barney Prince of Central Square, Oswego County, a few days since, whipped his child, 4 years of age, until nearly lifeless. It now lies in a critical condition. He is under arrest.

On Monday a man was killed in the 16th Ward, New York, during a row in which brickbats and stones were freely used.

Two hundred thousand cords of wood, piled alongside the Little Miami (Ohio) Railroad, was destroyed by fire a few days since, and the rails were so warped by the heat that trains were delayed for several hours. A few days previously, one hundred and fifty thousand cords of wood, belonging to the same road, was destroyed in the same way.

The journeymen bakers of New York, at a meeting on Saturday, adopted a resolution to solicit the master bakers of the city to reduce their hours of daily labor from twenty to twelve hours, and to stop the delivery of Sunday altogether.

The Bethel Courier

MAILS.

Mails close as follows:—
To Portland, 10
To Mount Pond, 4

ARRIVAL & DEPARTURE OF THE MORNING TRAIN LEAVES BETHEL FOR PORTLAND AT 10:15 A. M. RETURNING ARRIVES BETHEL AT 4:15 P. M.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Every Sabbath at 10:15 o'clock, A. M. in the following churches:

First Cong'l. Rev. Mr. Wanslow

Second " Rev. Mr. Galt

Universalist. Rev. Mr. Galt

MEETINGS FOR PRAYER.

gunday evenings at 5:15 o'clock, at the Bible Class, Tuesday evenings. Praying Society.

gunday evenings.

ITEMS.

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The Bethel Con



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The Bethel Courier.

MAILS.
Mails close as follows:—
To Portland, 10 A. M.
To Island Pond, 4 P. M.

ARRIVAL & DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.
Morning train leaves Bethel for Portland at 10:45 A. M. Returning arrives from Portland at 4:12 P. M.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.
Every Sabbath at 10:12 o'clock, A. M., and 1:14 P. M., in the following churches:—
First Congl., Rev. Mr. WARREN BERRY.
Second, Rev. Mr. GARLAND.
Universalist, Rev. Mr. GAINES.

MEETINGS FOR PRAYER.
Sabbath evenings at 5:12 o'clock, at the vestry.
Bible Class, Tuesday evenings. Prayer Meeting Saturday evenings.

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A MAN BATER CAUGHT.—At Chelsea Beach, Mass., the other afternoon the surf was vigorous and graceful, the temperature delightful, and the sea breeze splendid. In view, no doubt that so uncommonly attractive an afternoon would draw bathers in unusual numbers to the spot, a goodly sized shark paid the beach a visit. While the man-eater was watching his opportunity within the bar, the receding tide deprived him of water enough to recross it; while observers, attracted by his dashing and splashing as the water became more shallow, sallied out and dispatched him. He was about twelve feet long, and his frightful jaws looked as though he could have taken in a good sized boy at a mouthful, and chopped up a man very quick.

The king of the Sandwich Islands has lately been much interested in raising money for a city hospital for the natives, and has condescended to carry the subscription paper about town himself, collecting funds for this charitable enterprise. One of the wealthiest firms in Honolulu, after much solicitation, subscribed one hundred dollars apiece, "to get rid of the old boy."

News by the OVERLAND MAIL.—The overland mail of the 8th ult., reached St. Louis July 31. The San Francisco papers say that reports from Carson's valley indicate the election of Major Dodge as Delegate to the next Congress.

The loss by fire at Weaverville, on the 5th of July, is estimated at upward of \$100,000.

Great excitement existed in Nevada and Eldorado counties, in consequence of the discovery of new and extensive gold diggings on Walker's river, east of Sierra Nevada.

Advice from Fort Smith, Texas, state that the Creek and Cherokee Indians are at open hostilities in consequence of several murders committed by the former tribe. Four hundred Creeks were armed and awaiting the movements of the Cherokees.

Among the recent contributions to the Washington Monument is a block of carved marble, in which is inserted a curiously carved head, with this inscription beneath: "This head was carved between two and three thousand years ago by the ancient Egyptians, for their temple erected in honor of Augustus, on the banks of the Nile. Brought from there by J. F. Lenman."

The Chicago Democrat avers that a Kentuckian resident in that city, recently won \$25,000 at a faro in one night. The money was from three bank clerks, and four professional gamblers. Also that there are a dozen gamblers rooms in that city, doing a business like this every night which the police have orders not to disturb.

Boy Shot.—A little son of Mr. Benj. Blair, near the "Chop," in Woolwich, while playing with another boy, was shot on Friday afternoon last, with a gun loaded for game, which had been carelessly left in a shed where the boys got hold of it. The charge entered just above the eye, carrying away a portion of the skull and exposing the brain, and leaving a frightful wound. The little sufferer is 9 years old; the other boy a year younger. Dr. T. G. Stockbridge of this city called to see him Sunday forenoon, and found him living, but has no belief that he can survive.—Bath Times.

When packages of tea were first sent to Scotland as a rare luxury, one good housewife boiled tea to make a mess of greens, while another made it into a gravy to pour upon roast meat. The Caledonians probably know better now. The luxury of tea and coffee was known in the Shetland and Orkney islands, long before it was known in London.

The boiler of a locomotive on the South Carolina railroad exploded on Thursday last, killing five men who were upon the engine.

VALUATION OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—The increase in value of property, real and personal, in the city of New York, during the past year, according to the assessors' returns, has been more than twenty million of dollars.

In 1858, the real estate was valued at about three hundred and sixty-eight millions (in round numbers), and the personal estate at about a hundred and sixty-three millions, making a total of five hundred and thirty-one millions of dollars. In 1859, the returns give—real estate about three hundred and seventy-nine millions, and personal estate nearly one hundred and seventy-three millions, making a total of nearly five hundred and fifty-two millions, or an increase over the last year of nearly twenty-one millions of dollars.

The New York Journal for 1789 speaking of Taunton, Mass. says:

"The town of Taunton, a few years ago was the desert of Massachusetts, her staple was little more than herring, and her land would scarcely produce a thistle; yet she is now a growing and lucrative manufactory. Last year, one hundred tons of nails, besides a great many articles in a smaller way were wrought in that town."

What would the Journal think of it now?

The same paper speaking of Worcester says:—A Cotton Manufactory is to be established in Worcester. A subscription for defraying the expense of making the spinning machine, called a Jenny &c., is already filled.

May 18, 1789. No paper from Philadelphia or N. York has been brought to the Post Office in this town during the past week.—Boston Gaz.

The Bangor Times says that a veracious disciple of Isaac Walton resident in that city, reports that as he was fishing in Pushaw pond a few days since, he felt a bite at his hook, and pulled it in, a pickerel started to grab it, and so furiously did the pickerel pursue its prey that it actually followed the perch into the boat, and was itself secured!

A tornado in Norway, Thursday week, unroofed a part of Deacon James Flint's barn and piled up the timbers thirty rods from the barn. It also raised a 20 x 30 feet woodshed belonging to C. A. Noyes, and carried it seven or eight rods, completely demolishing it, and tore up and destroyed forty of his large, choice fruit trees.

The steam plow of J. W. Fawkes of Christians, Pa., was tried July 27 at Oxford Park with entire success. It plowed at the rate of one acre in twelve minutes. It turned in a small circle, backed, and went up and down a hill with ease. A considerable number of farmers were in attendance.

The prisoners in Sing Sing prison, N. Y., made arrangements for a stampede, on Monday evening, but the officers had been informed of their purpose and had no difficulty in checking it. Two squads made a rush for liberty but the sight of cocked revolvers drove back.

BETHEL PRICE CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE CURIER.

Flour	\$6.50	50	Beef	6	10
Corn	1.10	100	Round Hops	6	8
Rye	1.00	100	Hams	10	12
Seed Wheat	1.50	175	Lard	12	15
Oats	50	100	Chickens	8	10
Butter	12	15	Turkeys	9	10
Cheese	9	12	Bones	1.00	1.50
Eggs	14	25	Wool	25	30
Apples	10	100	Woolkins	50	1.00
Dried Apples	10	100	Hay	7.00	10.00
Potatoes	20	30	Wood	1.50	1.50

Marriages.

In this village, on the 7th inst., by Rev. A. G. Gaines, Mr. Leonard B. Chapman, of Westbrook, to Miss Ruby F., daughter of E. Merrill, of Bethel.

In Albany, 7th inst., by Franklin Cross, Esq., Mr. Charles W. Farman to Miss Susan E. Frazier, both of Albany.

Deaths.

In Portland, 6th inst., Mr. George Sumner, (printer), aged 64.
In West Poland, 5th inst., Callie K., youngest daughter of Wm. M. and Beth Perkins, aged 2 years, 3 months.
In Foxcroft, 25th ult., Mr. Edward P. Eddy, (printer), aged 32.
In Albany, 16th ult., Louis Mitchell, aged 15 years.

READ THIS!

AND THEN HAND IT TO YOUR NEIGHBOR!!

Don't Forget to call, yourself, at

EPHRAIM DRESSER'S DRY GOOD'S AND GROCERY STORE!!

Before buying your supplies.

At all times on hand a full and

Superb Stock of

Foreign & Domestic

DRY GOODS!

AND

GROCERIES,

Boots and Shoes, Feathers, Crock-

ery and Glass Ware, together with

FLOUR, SALT & FISH.

Also—

FARMING TOOLS,

Window Glass,

PUTTY, NAILS, &c., &c., &c.,

AT AS

Low Prices

As can be found elsewhere.

EPHRAIM DRESSER.

BETHEL, July 21, 1859.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY

CHEAP!

THE SUBSCRIBER having made large ad-

ditions to his former stock of

Boots & Shoes,

and being in want of a little "Ready Money,"

now offers to sell for CASH DOWN.

AT COST!!

For 30 Days.

N. B. As it is impossible for me to do business

on the CREDIT SYSTEM, as I have for the

year past I shall hereafter sell for PAY

DOWN or not at all.

D. P. YOUNG.

Don't forget that you can

buy at cost for 30 days.

Bethel, July 29, 1859.

GOULD'S ACADEMY!

IN BETHEL.

THE FALL TERM of this Institution will

commence on the

Last Tuesday in August,

and continue eleven weeks.

N. T. TRUE, A. M., Principal.

Miss O. C. WALKER, Assistant.

Miss P. GROVER, Teacher of Music.

Miss A. S. HASTINGS, Teacher of

Drawing and Painting.

Mr. E. FOSTER, Jr., Teacher of

Pennmanship.

Classes in the Ancient & Modern Languages

will be under the instruction of the Principal.

Classes will also be formed in Arithmetic,

Grammar and Geography, especially for Teach-

ers, who will receive a thorough drill in these

branches, and to whom the best methods of

communicating instruction will be daily point-

ed out. We commend this feature of the school

to the special attention of Teachers. This

class must be furnished with Greenleaf's New

National Arithmetic.

The Mathematical Department

will be under the charge of Miss Walker, who

has proved herself a most successful teacher in

these studies.

To every student who comes here for the pur-

pose of study, and we receive no others, every

facility will be afforded for his thorough

and rapid advancement.

Board in families, \$2.00 per week,

wood and lights extra.

For further information, application may be

made to the Principal.

July 20th, 1859.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,

CORNER WILLOW AND FOUR STREETS,

Opposite the Old Casino House,

Portland, Me.

N. J. DAVIS, Proprietor

F. S. CHANDLER,

HAS JUST RECEIVED A Splendid Stock of

DRESS GOODS

Consisting of

Challi De Laines, Brilliante, Lawns, French Gingham, Black Silks, Amaranth Prints, Ducals, &c., &c., &c.

Also—Men's Cotton Hose, Brown and White do. Women's and Misses, Ladies' Cloth—Hoop Skirts,

READY-MADE CLOTHING!!

HATS, CAPS and UMBRELLAS,

LADIES' CONGRESS BOOTS

of ever variety,

CONFECTIONERY!

Choice Groceries,

HAYING TOOLS!!

and other goods too numerous to

mention.

Also—Nice

Soda Water,

constantly on hand for those who wish

to luxuriate in a Cooling Beverage.

A good supply of Fresh Lemons,

Oranges, Figs, Nuts, &c., all of which

will be sold at his usually low prices

for Pay down. Call and see

F. S. CHANDLER.

July 15, 1859.

IT IS SO!

The subscriber, having purchased one of

those beautiful large Cameras, is now

prepared to take Portraits from the smallest to

life size. New is the time to secure large pic-

tures at low prices. J. E. SMALL.

Bethel, April, 26, 1859.

TRUE'S

ELIXER!

THIS medicine is compounded upon scientific

principles, of vegetable substances, and is

not only a sure exterminator of worms of every

description, but it is the best medicine of the

age for

Canker, Scarcia, Salt Rheum, Sick

Headache, Dizziness, Loss of

Appetite, Bilious and Liver

Complaints, Jaundice,

Dyspepsia, Costive-

ness and Indi-

gestion.

All of these diseases have yielded to this

medicine when they have defied the power of

all other.

Canker in the Mouth or Throat,

It may be used as a gargle several times a day.

Dr. JOHN F. TRUE, Proprietor,

26 Lewiston Falls, Maine.

JAMES NUTTING, Agent, Bethel, Me.

ISLAND POND HOTEL,

Island Pond, Vt.

Through Trains dine here.

Way Trains remain over night.

Porters in attendance to convey baggage to

the house FREE OF CHARGE.

Stairs and Covered Passage from Depot to

Hotel.

G. G. WATERHOUSE,

Proprietor.

Fairbanks'

CELEBRATED

SCALES!

OF EVERY VARIETY,

FAIRBANKS & BROWN,

1730 24 Kilby Street, Boston.

BOARDING

S. H. CHAPMAN,

WOULD inform the public that he is prepared

to accommodate those wishing to procure

board and pleasant rooms for the coming season.

His house is beautifully located on the Com-

mon, corner of

Elm St., Bethel Hill, Me.

and commands a fine prospect.

Terms Reasonable.

Horses & Carriages

TO LET!

ICE FOR SALE

In large or small quantities.

6m26

HO FOR GOLD AND SILVER!—HOW

to make it easy and cheap. Send a 3 c.

stamp, and get full particulars how to ob-

tain wealth. Address

S. HANKISON, Chemist, 75 West

ACCLIMATING A PLOW.

The other day we were riding past a large farm, and were much gratified at a device of the owner for the preservation of his tools. A good plow, apparently new in the spring, had been left at one corner of the field, standing in the furrow, just where, four months before, the boy finished his stent. Probably the timber needed seasoning—it was certainly getting it. Perhaps it was an Eastern concern, and was left out for acclimation. Maybe the farmer left it there to save time, in the hurry of the spring work, in dragging it from the shed. Perhaps he covered the share to keep it from the elements, and save it from rusting. Or, again, perhaps he is troubled with neighbors that borrow, and left it where it would be convenient for them. He might, at least, have built a little shed over it. Can any one tell what a farmer leaves a plow out a whole season for? It is hardly possible that he was an Irishman, and had planted for a spring crop of plows.

After we got asleep that night, we dreamed a dream. We went into that man's barn: boards were kicked off, partitions were half broken down, floor a deep foot with manure, hay trampled under foot and wasted, grain squandered. The wagon had not been hauled under the shed, though it was raining. The harness was scattered about—hames in one place, the breeching in another—the lines were used for ladders. We went to the house. A shed stood hard by, in which a family wagon was kept for wife and daughters to go to town in. The boys had appropriated it as a roost, and however plain it was once, it was ornamented now, inside and out (Here, by the way, let it be remembered that hending is the best manure for melons, squashes, cucumbers, &c.) I peeped into the smoke-house. But of all "fixing" that ever I saw, A Chinese Museum is nothing to it. Onions, soap-grease, squashes, hogs bristle, soap, old iron, kettles, a broken spinning-wheel, a churn, a grind-stone, bacon-lard, washing-tubs a barrel of salt, boxes with the meat half cut off, scraps of leather, dirty bags, a chest of Indian wear, old boots smoked sausages the sales and brands that remained since the last "smoke," stumps of brooms, half a barrel of rotten apples, together with rats, bacon bugs, earwigs, sow bugs, and other vermin which collect in damp dirt. We started for the house; the window near the door had twelve lights—two of wood, two of hats, four of paper, one of a bunch of rags, one of a pillow and the rest of glass. Under it stood several cooking pots, and several that were not cooking. As we were meditating whether to enter, such a squall arose from a quarreling man and woman, that we awoke—and lo! it was a dream. So that the man who left his plow out all the season, may live in the nearest house in the country, for all that we know: only, was it not strange that we should have dreamed all this from just seeing a plow left out in the furrow?—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

In Chicago, recently, a lady of unusual amplitude of crinoline, got into one of the street railroad cars. She spread her skirts over the adjacent seats, to the horror of the conductor, who calculated on a rush of passengers immediately. After arranging matters and things, the lady called the conductor and said:

"How many seats do you think I occupy?" He was an unmarried man and did not care about exaggerating the matter and replied "three seats." With that the lady handed him over fifteen cents, saying: "There's pay for three seats—now don't let me be disturbed," and she was not.

There is many a sermon that has altogether too much ornamentation for good. If I recollect right, there is never an urchin that is to be whipped, who would not prefer that all the leaves should be left on the stick. But those who have experienced know that if you want to make the child tingle, you must strip off the leaves.

Original Poetry.

For the Courier.

Move On.
As Time in onward marches rolls,
It seems a noble dream:
New banners from the drapery folds
Flare out to brighter gleams.
But O the past—the faded past!
Its loveliness has fled;
And o'er the bliss of sunny youth
A happy tear we shed.
O passing Time, farewell, farewell!
In silent anguish now,
We'll weave a wreath of throstle flowers
To deck thy faded brow.
But why in sad dejection pine
On these forever gone?
Mark some bright star that twinkles high,
And let it cheer thee on.
Yes, move in noble deeds, move on,
Let every action prove
A record, to thy manly part,
Of charity and love.

FIRST LESSON IN GAMBLING.

Whenever there are great collections of people, there are always bad and foolish people among them. It was so at Bridgeport, where the State Fair was held last summer. Out side the grounds, behind or within tents or booths, were many who gambled and led others to do so. Now it is a very simple thing to gamble, so many a boy is led to take the first step before he knows it.

There was behind one of the oyster stands a circle of men and boys: on the ground sat a poor degraded, dissipated man, poorly clothed, and looking sick and weak. He held in his hand several iron rings, before him was a board with large iron nails driven in it, which stood upright. A clear-faced, bright-eyed, handsome little fellow stepped up to him. He was just such a boy as is prompt at day school, and always has his lesson at Sunday school. He showed the man and said, "What's that for?"

"Give me a cent, and you may pitch one of these rings, and if it catches over a nail, I'll give you six cents."

That seemed fair enough, so the boy handed him a cent and took one of the rings. He stepped back to a stake, tossed the rings, and it caught on one of the nails.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again, or six cents?"

"Six cents," was the answer, and two three cents pieces were put into his hand, and he stepped off, well satisfied with what he had done, probably not having an idea that he had done wrong.

A gentleman, standing near, had watched him and now, before he had time to look around and rejoin his companions, laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"My lad, this is your first lesson in gambling!"

"Gambling, sir?"

"You staked your penny and won six; did you not?"

"Yes I did."

"You did not care them, and they were not given you: you won them just as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path that man has gone through it and you see the end. Now I advise you to go give him the six cents back, and ask him for your penny, and then you'll stand square with the world, an honest boy again."

THE EMPTY CUP.

If you were to see a man endeavoring all his life to satisfy his thirst by holding an empty cup to his mouth you would certainly despise his ignorance; but if you should see others, of finer understandings, ridiculing the dull satisfaction of one cup, and thinking to satisfy their thirst by a variety of gilt and golden cups, would you think that these were even wiser, or happier, or better employed, than the object of their contempt? Now this is all the difference that you can see in the various forms of happiness caught at by the men of the world. Let the wit, the great scholar, the fine genius, the great statesman, the polite gentleman, unite all their schemes, and they can only show you more and various empty appearances of happiness. Give them all the world into their hands, let them eat and carve as they please, they can only make a great variety of empty cups; for search as deep and look as far as you will, there is nothing to be found that is nobler and greater than high drinking than rich dress and human applause, unless you look for it in the laws of religion. Reader, reflect upon the vanity of all who live without godliness, that you may be earnest at the throne of grace, to be turned from the creature and seek for happiness in the Creator. The poorest Christian, who lives upon Christ, and walks in daily fellowship with God, is happier than the richest worldling. Indeed, such only are happy.

We have received a pamphlet containing an interesting Sermon by Rev. J. K. Mason of Hampden. It is entitled, "Youth and Age." It is a very earnest and faithful appeal to children and youth to regard the counsels of their parents. His text suggests his subject. "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man: and fear thy God." Such a sermon should be extensively circulated. We extract the following:

You have known some curse their father, and become ashamed of their mother because she was poor, or sickly, or old. If you have not, I have; and not a few. Now let me tell you, young friends, these little beginnings, which perhaps you think so little of, are but the stepping stones—the commencement of those great evils from which, now, you shrink with instinctive horror. Why, if I were to tell you what I have heard in the streets, and by the wayside, from children no larger than the youngest to whom I speak, possibly no more thoughtless and wicked, you would be appalled, as I have been. Perhaps if I were to go into some of your homes, and come out, and tell what I heard, and saw there, some of you might blush because of shame. Possibly I thought I would hope not! But I will not speak of such things. I will refer you to that young man, who not many months ago, went from the country into the city of Boston: became a clerk; obtained some fine clothes; found proud associates, and swaggered about as many a young man has, full of self importance, until at length, he was prostrated on a bed of sickness. He sent for his mother. She went and watched over, and cared for him with all a mother's tenderness. One day a young man, one of his new acquaintances, called to see him, and that ungrateful son, too proud to own the mother that bore him, and without whose presence he would have been desolate and forsaken, introduced her as his "kind old nurse!" How think you that mother felt?

RECIPE FOR MAKING LEMON BEER.—To five gallons of water, take five pounds of sugar and three lemons or more if you choose, take your lemons and cut them into your sugar and then pound them well together, beat enough of the water to make your five gallons blood warm, then put in one tea spoonful of cream tartar, and one table spoonful of ginger, and one quart of yeast, and stir them all well together and set your barrel or whatever you make it in, in a warm place and let it stand over night, and in the morning draw it off and bottle up tight and let it stand one day, then it is fit for use.

A NEW BRAND.—A letter from Phil's Peak says that gambling and whiskey-drinking denizens there exist: sively: tanglefoot whiskey sells for twenty-five cents a drink, and it will almost make a man shed his toe nails.

BORAX WASHING RECIPT.

A number of new subscribers have requested us to republish the above receipt, which appeared in a former number. We have been waiting to give the results of some careful experiments which were being made in our own family, but which were broken off by sickness. Enough, however, was ascertained to convince us that there is really a great advantage in adding a small quantity of borax to common hard soap, previous to using it for washing. Our method is as follows: To every pound of hard soap, add from one-half to three-quarters of an ounce of common borax, somewhat pulverized, and then put it in the soap cut up in thin pieces. Keep them hot—but not boiling—for two or three hours, until the whole is well dissolved and then set aside to cool, when a solid mass will be found. If the vessel is set upon the warm stove at night, the operation will be completed in the morning, though we think it better to stir the mass before it cools.

The night before washing, rub the clothes where most soiled, with soap and soak it in water till morning. This soap, which has been more than doubled in quantity, will go quite as far, bulk for bulk, as the original, thus saving at least one-half. The boiling and washing are to be performed in the usual manner, but it will be found that the labor of rubbing is diminished three-fourths, while the usual caustic or eating effect of the soap is greatly lessened, and the hands will retain a peculiarly soft and silky feeling, even after a large washing. The preparation is adapted to all kinds of fabrics, colored or uncolored, including flannels, and it is thought to increase their whiteness. By using this preparation with the previous soaking over night, we have sixteen dozen pieces finished early in the forenoon, when, by the old process, it would have been an "all day's job."—*American Agriculturist.*

A citizen near dying, and greatly in debt, and it coming to the ears of his creditors, one of them said: "Farewell—there is so much of mine gone with him."

"And he carried so much of mine too," said another.

A wag upon hearing them make their several complaints, remarked:—"Ah, well, I see that though a man can carry nothing of his own out of the world, yet he may be able to carry a great deal of other men's."

Theophrastus, of Athens, who lived one hundred years, said, more than two thousand years ago, that, "man tires of everything but a farm and a garden."

"Now then, where are you driving to?" as the nail said to the hammer.

"What a fine gentleman!" exclaimed a young lady walking out with her beau, as a slim six-footer passed by.

"Yes," retorted the beau, who was rather corpulent; "if he was much finer, we would not be able to see him."

CUSTOMERS!

Avail yourselves of the Opportunity.

F. S. Chandler,

IS SELLING OFF AT

LESS THAN

COST!!

HIS ENTIRE STOCK OF

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

Consisting of

THIN COATS, PANTS, VESTS,

&c., STRAW and LEGHORN

HATS!

Also—

DRESS GOODS,

Consisting of CHALLI DELAINES, DUCALS, ERENCE GINGHAMS, LAWNS, ORGANDI MUSLINS, BRILLIANTS, &c., &c.

It is so—because it is so.

Call and See.

Bethel, Aug. 2, 1859.

WATCHES & JEWELRY.

JOHN S. ABBOTT

(Formerly of Boston.)

HAS just arrived from Boston with a Large and New Stock of

WATCHES, CLOCKS

And Jewelry,

OF ALL KINDS!

Also a good assortment of

SILVER and PLATED

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To suit all ages, together with a good assortment of useful and

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WILLOW BASKETS,

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PATENT MEDICINES,

and a great many other goods not specified here.

A good assortment of

BRASS CLOCKS!

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New glass set in old Spectacles bows.

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Beautiful Engravings, Mezzotints and

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Also—New and Standard

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Come and Buy!

BURNHAM & MEAD,

HAVE on hand a large assortment of Carriages, such as

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Light Wagons for one or two Seats

And Express Wagons of different kinds, all of which will be sold very cheap for cash or approved credit. All kinds of Carriages & Sulkies made to order, and Warranted.

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P. Burnham. T. E. Mead.

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THIN COATS, PANTS, VESTS,

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It is so—because it is so.

Call and See.

Bethel, Aug. 2, 1859.

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A. S. PHILLIPS.

will be ready to supply the trade of Maine

early in August next.

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regularly in the trade, will be supplied by us

with Oil from the Boston Kerosene Oil Co. at

their Boston Prices.

until we are ready to deliver our own manufac-

tured.

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